

GERMANY MOURNS AGAIN

Last Hours and Death of Emperor Frederick III.

The Emperor Frederick III. died at eleven o'clock this morning.

EMPEROR FREDERICK III. DIED.
BERLIN, June 15.—Emperor Frederick died at eleven o'clock this morning.

OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCED.
BERLIN, June 15.—The *Reichsanzeiger* (official organ) publishes the following announcement of the death of Emperor Frederick:

The royal sufferer has ended his earthly career. By God's desire the Emperor-King, our most gracious master, passed to his eternal rest, shortly after eleven o'clock this morning, after long and grievous sufferings, which were borne with manly fortitude and submission to God's will. The royal house and the German people have been twice bereaved within a short time. They deeply mourn the all-too-early decease of our much-beloved Emperor.

[Signed.] **MINISTRY OF STATE.**

WILLIAM PROCLAIMED KING.
BERLIN, June 15.—The Bundesrath assembled at noon to-day. Prince Bismarck, Chancellor of the Empire, formally announced the demise of Emperor Frederick III., and proclaimed the accession to the German throne of Emperor William III.

THE DEAD EMPEROR'S LAST HOURS.
LONDON, June 15.—The story of the Emperor's last day of life is in this briefy told: When Prince Bismarck took what proved to be his final leave of his imperial master Thursday, the Emperor, with a great effort placed the hands of the Emperor in those of the Chancellor, his eyes the while unmistakably expressing an appeal to the man of blood and iron to protect and uphold the rights of the Emperor's wife and prospective widow. Prince Bismarck signified in words his interpretation of the Emperor's otherwise expressed desire. He bowed low to the Emperor, then to the Empress, and kissing the hand of the Kaiser, promised to faithfully obey his mute injunction.

At midnight the Emperor was assisted from his bed and placed in a chair. The change brought a slight relief to the patient, whose respiration was labored and pulse fluttering. The members of the Emperor's family, with the exception of the Empress, then retired for a brief sleep, leaving the faithful wife performing at the husband's bedside the weary vigil prompted by love and duty.

Meanwhile the doctors, with the exception of Dr. Hovall, who sat in a chair to the left of the bed, paced up and down the large front room communicating with the study in which the Emperor was lying. Dr. Hovall repeated every five minutes the pulse of the sick man, and at one o'clock was asked by His Majesty through the medium of a note written on the leaf of a pad: "How is my pulse; are you satisfied with it?"

From this hour there was a gradual decrease of the Emperor's strength until three o'clock, when a marked change for the worse set in. The Emperor's face blanched, and his eyes seemed to recede in their sockets until they appeared to be but half their normal size. The condition of the Emperor's mind was reported by the members of the imperial family were somewhat disturbed. Prince Henry was the first to appear, closely followed by the Crown Prince, soon to become Emperor. Both princes stationed themselves at the bedside, most of the other members of the family, who came soon after them, standing near the door.

The moribund Emperor rallied slightly after the arrival of the children, and maintained his improvement until five o'clock, when the final decline set in. From that hour to the end the sinking was gradual and steady. Last night's dispatches do not contain the report of the efforts of His Majesty to speak and write during his last hour of life. At eleven o'clock all of the dying man's family were present at the bedside. The Emperor stood near the head of the bed, his form erect and his gaze never once withdrawn from the face of his father. His countenance was sorrowful, yet his words, in a manner betokened appreciation of the burden of responsibility which was rapidly being transferred to him to bear while he should live.

After the administration of the sacrament to the dying Emperor, Chaplains Persius and Roeger offered prayer. All present were intensely affected. When the final moment arrived, and Dr. Mackenzie announced the end, the Empress knelt and kissed the forehead of her dead husband. The other members of the family advanced to the bedside, kissed the Emperor's hand, and slowly retired, each expressing grief by unrestrained sobs. The Empress bore up bravely. She lingered for a while after the others had withdrawn. She shed tears less copiously than did the children, her intuitive sob which shook her frame and awakened the compassion of all near, betokened an agony of pent-up suffering which none could share or relieve.

The body of the dead Emperor will lie for the present on the small iron bedstead upon which he died, clothed in a white night-dress and covered by white bed-covering. The room in which the body will remain under the command of Major Natter, who was attached to the person of the dead Emperor.

After the death of the Emperor the new Kaiser, William III., instantly assumed personal control of matters within and without the castle. His first act was to order the Hussars and Uhlans attached to the castle to rigidly guard the house and grounds, allowing no one to enter or to leave without a special permit. All applications for permission to leave the palace were refused, and passes, except those counter-signed by the Emperor himself, in his own hand, were canceled. Passes issued at the instance of Dr. Mackenzie were rigidly and somewhat conspicuously refused, especially those which had been given to reporters. The strong cordon of troops surrounding the castle excited much curious comment and criticism both within and without the Schloss. As the Kaiser's first act was the transfer of power, and the new Emperor's determination to exercise his authority, Dr. Bergmann was telegraphed to yesterday afternoon to perform an autopsy on the body of the dead Emperor, and it is rumored that Dr. Mackenzie has made preparations to leave in consequence. It was the wish of Emperor Frederick III. that his funeral should be simple and private as possible, only his immediate relatives being present. A mourning service will be held at six o'clock this afternoon over the Emperor's remains. A funeral proper will likely take place on Monday.

BIOGRAPHICAL.
FREDERICK III. known first as Prince Frederick William, and then as the Crown Prince, was born fifty-seven years ago, on October 18, 1851, when Europe was shaken by revolutionary changes, and the old forms were being given place to new ones.

His father, then Prince William, was the second son of Frederick William III., who succeeded the Prussian throne in 1857, the year when the child was born who came to be known as the Emperor of the grand monarchy. His mother was Princess Augusta of Saxony. It need hardly be said at this

time of day that the Prussian Princes grow up clothed in uniform, and like French subjects are taught their military duties very early in life. The Crown Prince had excellent teachers—namely Ernst Curtius; and in 1880 he became a student at Bonn, and later on, vector. With a father so manly and serious, yet "jovial" as one courtier calls him, and a mother so accomplished, the Prince could not fail to be well trained and simple, and he won regard wherever he went when a youth in the English court his father was held in special esteem; and when, having become Prince of Prussia and heir-apparent, he was driven from Berlin in 1848, his son accompanied him to England. Although politics forbade his reception, he saw Queen Victoria.

Who deeply sympathized with him and Prince Albert; and it was then that Prince Frederick William, a lad of seventeen, first saw Princess Victoria, who was then a child. It was the hope of several persons that these two in later years might be united, and the hope was fulfilled. Five years afterward, in the month of September, when Sebastian had been captured, Prince Frederick William, then a famous youth, sailed to Baltimore, to ask for the hand of Princess Victoria, a young maiden in all the "unconstrained girlhood."

The engagement was announced September 25, 1858, and the marriage occurred in 1859. The bride and bridegroom were heartily welcomed in Berlin, and in August of the same year the Queen and Prince Consort visited them in their new home. A great change was impending over Prussia. The then King, William I., was ill, and the palace and the royal travelers from England had returned to her shores. Prince William was obliged to become Prince Regent. He had acted in that capacity since the autumn of 1857, but in October, 1858, he was appointed Regent with full powers.

The Regent at once set about the reform of the army, which slowly but surely brought a constitutional crisis. When Prince William, who had become Crown Prince, was imbued with English opinions, and he did not conceal his views. In 1853, the strife had reached a critical stage, the great effort placed the hands of the Emperor in those of the Chancellor, his eyes the while unmistakably expressing an appeal to the man of blood and iron to protect and uphold the rights of the Emperor's wife and prospective widow. Prince Bismarck signified in words his interpretation of the Emperor's otherwise expressed desire. He bowed low to the Emperor, then to the Empress, and kissing the hand of the Kaiser, promised to faithfully obey his mute injunction.

At midnight the Emperor was assisted from his bed and placed in a chair. The change brought a slight relief to the patient, whose respiration was labored and pulse fluttering. The members of the Emperor's family, with the exception of the Empress, then retired for a brief sleep, leaving the faithful wife performing at the husband's bedside the weary vigil prompted by love and duty.

Meanwhile the doctors, with the exception of Dr. Hovall, who sat in a chair to the left of the bed, paced up and down the large front room communicating with the study in which the Emperor was lying. Dr. Hovall repeated every five minutes the pulse of the sick man, and at one o'clock was asked by His Majesty through the medium of a note written on the leaf of a pad: "How is my pulse; are you satisfied with it?"

From this hour there was a gradual decrease of the Emperor's strength until three o'clock, when a marked change for the worse set in. The Emperor's face blanched, and his eyes seemed to recede in their sockets until they appeared to be but half their normal size. The condition of the Emperor's mind was reported by the members of the imperial family were somewhat disturbed. Prince Henry was the first to appear, closely followed by the Crown Prince, soon to become Emperor. Both princes stationed themselves at the bedside, most of the other members of the family, who came soon after them, standing near the door.

The moribund Emperor rallied slightly after the arrival of the children, and maintained his improvement until five o'clock, when the final decline set in. From that hour to the end the sinking was gradual and steady. Last night's dispatches do not contain the report of the efforts of His Majesty to speak and write during his last hour of life. At eleven o'clock all of the dying man's family were present at the bedside. The Emperor stood near the head of the bed, his form erect and his gaze never once withdrawn from the face of his father. His countenance was sorrowful, yet his words, in a manner betokened appreciation of the burden of responsibility which was rapidly being transferred to him to bear while he should live.

After the administration of the sacrament to the dying Emperor, Chaplains Persius and Roeger offered prayer. All present were intensely affected. When the final moment arrived, and Dr. Mackenzie announced the end, the Empress knelt and kissed the forehead of her dead husband. The other members of the family advanced to the bedside, kissed the Emperor's hand, and slowly retired, each expressing grief by unrestrained sobs. The Empress bore up bravely. She lingered for a while after the others had withdrawn. She shed tears less copiously than did the children, her intuitive sob which shook her frame and awakened the compassion of all near, betokened an agony of pent-up suffering which none could share or relieve.

The body of the dead Emperor will lie for the present on the small iron bedstead upon which he died, clothed in a white night-dress and covered by white bed-covering. The room in which the body will remain under the command of Major Natter, who was attached to the person of the dead Emperor.

After the death of the Emperor the new Kaiser, William III., instantly assumed personal control of matters within and without the castle. His first act was to order the Hussars and Uhlans attached to the castle to rigidly guard the house and grounds, allowing no one to enter or to leave without a special permit. All applications for permission to leave the palace were refused, and passes, except those counter-signed by the Emperor himself, in his own hand, were canceled. Passes issued at the instance of Dr. Mackenzie were rigidly and somewhat conspicuously refused, especially those which had been given to reporters. The strong cordon of troops surrounding the castle excited much curious comment and criticism both within and without the Schloss. As the Kaiser's first act was the transfer of power, and the new Emperor's determination to exercise his authority, Dr. Bergmann was telegraphed to yesterday afternoon to perform an autopsy on the body of the dead Emperor, and it is rumored that Dr. Mackenzie has made preparations to leave in consequence. It was the wish of Emperor Frederick III. that his funeral should be simple and private as possible, only his immediate relatives being present. A mourning service will be held at six o'clock this afternoon over the Emperor's remains. A funeral proper will likely take place on Monday.

BIOGRAPHICAL.
FREDERICK III. known first as Prince Frederick William, and then as the Crown Prince, was born fifty-seven years ago, on October 18, 1851, when Europe was shaken by revolutionary changes, and the old forms were being given place to new ones.

His father, then Prince William, was the second son of Frederick William III., who succeeded the Prussian throne in 1857, the year when the child was born who came to be known as the Emperor of the grand monarchy. His mother was Princess Augusta of Saxony. It need hardly be said at this

THE NEW EMPEROR.
Emperor William III. was born in January 1851, and is therefore twenty-nine years old. He was married February 10, 1881, to Augusta Victoria, daughter of the late Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. Four children have been born to them, the eldest being William, born May 8, 1882. The Emperor succeeds to the throne at



Emperor William III.

an earlier age than any of his ancestors. His grandfather, William I., of Germany, was sixty-three years old when, on the death of his father, he was crowned King of Prussia. Emperor Frederick III. was fifty-seven at the time of his accession. The present Emperor was his grandfather's favorite, and has always been in harmony with the policy of Chancellor Bismarck, his father. He is at least a soldier, and is so thoroughly German, that he is said to detest his own mother because she is English. At the funeral of his grandfather he refused to walk with her. His hatred of the Russians is even more violent than his dislike for the English, and it is expected that his rule will not be without accompaniments of war. He refuses to drink champagne because it is a French wine. His intimates have been the Crown Prince of Austria, a very disolute young man, and Count Herbert Bismarck. He was carefully educated, receiving his early instruction from his father, and he was well grounded in the classics, languages and mathematics, and was then sent to the gymnasium at Cassel, where he was prepared for the University at Bonn. He worked hard and was allowed but few privileges. He showed a special fondness for military history and things military. It is said of him while at Bonn that he was more fond of the soldiers' black bread than of the white bread given him. He was superior to most of his fellows in swimming and several other branches of athletics. He was much interested in the study of the university, who consented to produce plays written by him. One of these plays, which was not thoroughly worthless, was "Charlemagne," being founded on historical incidents. He was placed in the First Regiment of the Guard as a First Lieutenant after he had obtained his degree at Bonn in 1874.

He served faithfully and was, at the time he became Crown Prince, Colonel Commander of the 1st Cavalry Division. He has been as well as any Hohenzollern, though not more violent than his associates who did not have the temptation with which, because of his position, he was surrounded. His wife is thoroughly German, and has never done anything to attract attention to her except in appearing personally at court ceremonies.



Empress Augusta Victoria.

By authority of William III. he assumed temporarily the duties of his father, pending the completion of his military education. He was in Berlin. It has been said by correspondents at the German capital that his father and he were not as friendly as they might have been. The late Emperor resented his son's treatment of the Empress Victoria, but none of these statements have come from reliable sources. According to the custom of the Hohenzollerns, the Emperor learned the glove's trade. His father was a jeweler. His brother, Prince Henry, is a watchmaker. His sisters can cook, and are all adepts in dressmaking.

A REMINISCENCE.

An Invasion of Spain by United States Troops Contemplated by General Grant in 1874.
NEW YORK, June 15.—The *Herald* publishes an interview with a prominent war officer, who reports that General Grant in 1874 for a plan made by the United States to invade Spain by American troops. The idea grew out of the butchery of the Cuban rebellion, and nearly a hundred of his followers in Cuba. General Grant was President at the time, and he is said to have made every preparation for the invasion of Spain, but the Spanish government refused the demands of the United States Government for reparations for the barbarous execution of Ryan and his men. General Sherman was in command of the proposed invading army, with General Meade as his chief-of-staff. Grant's intention was to rendezvous fifty thousand veterans of the Civil War, who were mobilized near New York, and the fleet prepared to carry them across the Atlantic in two divisions. The idea was to pretend that it was for service on the island of Cuba, but really to land on the shores of Spain, and march inland to Madrid. Both Grant and Sheridan, deemed the movement a feasible one, and had the United States declared war, it would have been attempted.

Serious Railway Accident.
PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 15.—Yesterday morning the Cleveland fast express on the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie railroad, running at a speed of thirty miles an hour, ran through a misplaced switch in the company's yard at Charter's Station, and collided with a loaded freight car standing on the side-track.

The engineer and fireman jumped from the cab, escaping with slight injuries. Baggage man McDermott was fatally injured. Conductor Irwin was badly bruised, but will recover. Several passengers were slightly injured by flying debris. The engine, baggage car and one coach were totally wrecked.

Widow Sympathized With Widow.
MADRID, June 15.—In the Spanish Congress yesterday Premier Sagasta formally announced the death of Emperor Frederick of Germany. Seniors Canovas del Castillo and Dominguez delivered eloquent eulogies upon the dead Emperor, and a resolution of condolence was passed by unanimous vote. The German Embassy was flooded with telegrams yesterday afternoon. Queen Christina telegraphed to the widowed Empress a touching message of sympathy.

Wrecked & Burned.
PHILADELPHIA, June 15.—A collision occurred on the Pennsylvania road near Fifty-second street yesterday afternoon, by which twenty freight cars were wrecked. One car was loaded with refined oil, which caught fire from a hot-box, and the cars were almost entirely destroyed, with the greater part of their contents. Estimated loss, \$5,000, on which there is no insurance. No one was injured.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A young Madras Brahmin, married, in a communication to the *Indian Magazine*, speaks of his marriage as "the eternal knot of sorrow tied."

A London solicitor recently tendered a bill in which the last item was thus stated: "To dining with you after the case was lost."

The new Empress of Germany is in no danger of coming to want. If her husband should die she would have an income of \$80,000 per annum and a palace to live in, besides the large sum she may expect to inherit from her mother, Queen Victoria.

There is an antiquated custom in Vienna by which house-owners, instead of paying their porters properly, allow them to levy a toll of four cents on every tenant returning after ten o'clock at night. The consequence is that the streets are comparatively deserted after that hour.

Lord Rute, who is among the wealthy members of the Catholic peasantry of Great Britain, has stated his intention of building a fine cathedral at Rothsay, Scotland, at an expense of over a hundred thousand dollars. His wife some time ago erected and maintains an orphanage in the same town.

Good wheat land in India is abundant. It only needs to be reached by railroads to become available for wheat growing. The production of wheat in India is now only about one bushel per capita. The food of the East Indian is chiefly rice and millet, but includes more than 200,000,000 bushels of wheat annually for the 260,000,000 of population.

Steamers landing at Cabinda, a little port north of the Congo, are often met by a young white man who appears to be in the egg and poultry business. He has spring chickens all the year round, and as they are plump and tender, he gets a good price for them. This young man is one of Bishop Taylor's missionaries, and when he appears at the landing with his chicken coops he is carrying out the "self-supporting" feature of the Bishop's enterprise.

In spite of her otherwise sober-sensible opinions, the late Dr. Anna Kingsford, who recently died in London, believed that she was the re-embodied spirit of Lady Jane Grey, and often alluded to the idea. She visited the Tower of London one day expressly "to behold herself" as she said. Dr. Kingsford was a brilliant woman and learned languages and history with wonderful ease.

While Emperor Frederick, then the Crown Prince, was at San Remo, he was much amused at the efforts of journalists to obtain news regarding his condition. On the first day on which his larynx was examined, after tracheotomy had been performed, he turned to Sir Morell Mackenzie and said good-naturedly: "Sir Morell, will you please close the blinds of the window which faces the Hotel de la Mediterranee, or I am sure that the young lady would tell you all the news I throw and send off an account of it before the examination is over."

A monument to the ill-fated Flora Hastings, has been erected in the Kirk-yard at London, Ayrshire, near the vault of the Hastings family, in which she lies buried. The monument also commemorates the Marchioness of Hastings, Lady Flora's mother, who survived her only six months and whose coffin was placed beside her daughter. Lady Flora was that innocent, unfortunate young woman of whom a cruel scandal was set afloat, which was believed by Queen Victoria, occasioned abandonment from the court, and finally caused the death of the over-sensitive victim.

CREASING A MUSTANG.

The Skill Displayed by Texas Marksmen in Capturing Wild Horses.
J. T. Hill, at the present time livestock agent for the Chicago & Alton, and who for many years has been engaged in cattle-raising in Texas and the Indian Territory, remarked to a reporter: "In the early days of the cattle business in Texas, from 1857 to 1860, the ranges were overrun by bands of wild horses. These animals were a great nuisance, as they would get mixed with our loose horses and run them off when any one approached. As a rule they were a rough, ill-shaped set of beasts, and almost unsalable, so that few attempts were ever made to catch them, it being considered best to shoot them on sight and thus get rid of a disturbing influence in our horse herds. Sometimes, however, a really fine animal would be seen and the ranch men would try hard to secure it. But the ordinary mode of capture, lassoing, could seldom be used against wild horses, and these beasts were very shy, and even a poor horse, carrying no weight, could outstrip a very fine animal with a man on his back. I have chased wild horses a hundred times, and have become thoroughly convinced of the truth of the English saying that the weight of a stable key will win or lose a race."

"In this extremity the Texans used to resort to a means of capturing the horses which is, I believe, exclusively American. It was discovered, I do not know how, that a blow upon a particular sinew in a horse's neck, located just above where the spine joins the skull, would paralyze the animal temporarily without doing it any permanent injury. In those days the Texans were nearly without exception fine shots, and a short range could send a rifle ball with phenomenal accuracy. The horses could not be approached except on foot, and it was impossible to catch them on horseback. But, not to be overcome by any such difficulties, the cowboys discovered a way to capture them. Taking his rifle, a hunter would crawl through the thick chapparal until within fifty or sixty yards of the horse he desired to secure. Then, taking careful aim, he would endeavor to send a bullet through the top of the neck so as to strike the sinew. When this was properly done the horse would fall as if struck by lightning and remain insensible for ten or fifteen minutes, recovering completely in an hour or two.

with no worse injury than a slight wound in the back of the neck that soon healed. Of course many bullets went astray and hundreds of horses were killed, but a good shot would secure about one horse in three that he attempted to 'crease,' as this mode of capture was called. The large caliber rifles commonly in use were not adapted to this peculiar mode of hunting, as if they touched the sinew they were sure to break it, and the wounds the 44 or 52-caliber balls inflicted were too severe. The weapon universally employed in creasing mustangs was the old Hawkins rifle, which a bullet not much larger than a pea, had a set trigger and required but a small charge of powder. These weapons were wonderfully accurate up to one hundred yards, but inflicted a trifling wound, and the bullet was likely to take a course through soft flesh around any hard object, instead of tearing through it, as a larger ball propelled by a heavier charge of powder would do. Hundreds of mustangs, always the best animals in the herd, used to be creased every year, and this practice was kept up until the herds had entirely disappeared.

"Some of the horses thus secured were very tough and fleet animals, but few were of any practical use. Nearly all were stallions, as a wild mare that was good for anything was seldom seen and the captured horses were nearly without exception, irreligiously vicious, even when judged from the Texas standpoint. Even when broken to the saddle they could only be ridden by the very best horsemen and were always on the lookout to do their riders an injury. Strangers to say they seldom tried to kick, but a man had to be continually on the lookout for their fore feet and teeth. They only used their hind feet when a man was about to mount, but nearly every one of them had a trick of kicking forward as soon as the rider put his foot in the stirrup, and unless he was wary he would receive a terrible blow on the leg. I used to own a horse that, I believe, could scratch himself between the ears with his hind foot, his hind leg being apparently made of India-rubber. The instant he felt a foot in the stirrup his hind hoof would come forward with the speed of lightning, in the attempt to inflict a most vicious kick. I gave up mounting him in the usual way, and always used to vault into the saddle without touching the stirrups, a feat easily enough performed in my younger days, although I would have some difficulty in doing it now. I used to like to ride wild horses, but after one or two narrow escapes from their deadly forefeet, which they would use if a man carelessly stood in front of them, I gave it up and stuck to the tame stock."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

WHERE SEALS LIVE.

The Best to Be Found in the Warm Part of the Arctic Region.
"The best sealskins come from the comparatively warm part of the Arctic regions."

"From the warm parts? I thought the seal liked ice and snow," inquired the reporter.
"The fur seal," replied the furrier, "likes cool weather and water, but he does not like ice or snow. The fur seal seeks his Arctic home in the summer and leaves it on the approach of winter for warmer latitudes. The fur seal is not very plentiful, but the fair seal is found almost everywhere. The value of the two skins varies—the fur seal is worth twenty times as much as the skin of the fair seal.

The inhabitants of the Arctic regions make clothing and tents of the skin of the fair seal. The hide of the fair seal, which is secured off the coasts of Labrador in large numbers, is used for robes, sealskin shopping bags, etc., and coupled with monkey skins, they help to make a common grade of kid glove. The fur seal is gradually being exterminated, and salskin is getting more expensive every year. This is caused by there being no laws to protect them, and they are being killed all the year round. In the North the fur seal is confined to two limited localities, both in Behring Sea. The catch on the American side is limited to 100,000 a year, and on the Russian side to 40,000. This latter is subject to the American company. Thus the whole of the fur business is virtually in the hands of a single monopoly, and it is estimated that not over 5 or 10 per cent. more sealskins than this is furnished by all the rest of the world. The American company is restricted by act of Congress not to kill more than 100,000 seals every year. The result of this law has been that in a few years there will be an enormous number of seals in Behring Sea. For some time they have seemed to understand the law and have been coming to the Tankees for protection. No one who saw a seal skin in its raw state would believe that a beautiful coat could be made from it. It is an ugly-looking affair, and the soft fur is covered over by a hard, rough, heavy coat.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A Child's Useful Dress.

A pretty and simple dress for a little girl consists of a straight, plaited or gathered check, in Jersey cloth or flannel, and slightly full Garibaldi bodice of the plain material, with inserted vest of the check. One yard of the plain material, and two yards of the check, will make the dress, and if the skirt is hemmed up will provide, for lengthening another season. Of course it may be made in cotton instead of flannel; but care should be taken not to allow the fashion in the shortness of the skirt. A skirt which only comes to the knee is no more modest for a small girl than a large one; and the question is a serious one for mothers, how far they may be breaking down, instead of strengthening, the barriers which native delicacy and refinement erect in a girl's mind. It is folly to say: "She is only a child; the woman grows out of the child; as her character is largely formed by her circumstances and conditions. The qualities that are not cultivated in youth will not be found in their strength at maturity."—*The Housewife.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A PUZZLE.

There's one thing I don't understand:
 It really seems to me so queer
 That my mamma last night should say:
 "Be sure and always mind, my dear."
 And when I got that dreadful fall
 This morning, from a chair,
 Should pick me up and cuddle me,
 And pat my cheeks, and smooth my hair;
 And press her face down close to mine,
 And I might hear her whisper, kind—
 The while she kissed my tears away—
 "There, there! my darling; never mind!"
 —*Youth's Companion.*

PREFERRING ONE ANOTHER.

Mabel's Victory Over Soli, and the Good Her Loving Words Accomplished.
"I choose the hammock."
"No, I want it."
"But I'm the oldest, so I'm going to have it."

"I'm the youngest, and you ought to give up to me."
"Well, I'm not going to this time, any how," and Mabel seated herself in the hammock with a determined air and commenced to swing back and forth.

"I'm going to tell mamma," said Bessie, in a fearful voice, turning toward the house; but as she did so she raised her eyes to her mother's window where the blinds were closed and the curtains drawn. Then she remembered that in that darkened room lay mamma with one of her dreadful sick-headaches, and she knew that at such a time she must not be disturbed in any way, for it always made her worse. Bessie couldn't see why mothers always had sick-headaches. Her mamma had them so often and Cora Lane's mamma did, too. It seemed very inconvenient and uncomfortable to her, particularly now when she had a grievance to tell. If she had known of the heavy throbs of pain that beat in the pooraching head, as the angry words were borne in through the closed blinds, she might have felt conscience-stricken, but she did not know, and she only paused and commenced boring her heel into the smooth turf of the lawn while a dark frown disfigured her usually bright little face.

She wished that she was bigger than Mabel, then she would show her what it meant to have an older sister who never gave up to her what she wanted. Bessie forgot then how often and how kindly Mabel yielded to her; it is so easy to forget kindness in the face of an injury.

Mabel lay in the hammock swinging gently to and fro, apparently perfectly contented, so Bessie knew there was no chance for her; and she saw her little white kitten walking about in the garden, springing now and then to catch some unwary fly, or grasshopper. She cast one resentful glance at Mabel, then running toward the kitten she took it in her arms and commenced to pour her troubles into kitty's patient ears.

Mabel did not feel as contented as she looked, for she was really a very unselfish little girl, and gave Bessie the preference far more than was for her younger sister's good. But something was wrong that day; mamma had headache, her door was closed and her curtains drawn, and there was no one to set things right. It was not really a desire to thwart each other that had caused the conflict between the two little girls, but it was that feeling of ruffled spirits that is known to us all, grown-up people call nervousness in themselves, but in the little ones is too often designated as ill-temper.

Mabel too, looked up at her mother's window. Poor mamma! How she did suffer when she had a headache! She thought of a time when she slipped into her mother's room and saw the pale face lying on the white pillow. She wished then that she could do something to ease the pain, and she wished it now with all her heart; but she was such a little girl, and knew nothing about sickness. As she looked down into the garden, and saw Bessie wandering about with the kitten in her arms, she wondered what she was thinking about. Was she angry with her for not giving her the hammock? She almost wished she had given it up, for she really did not care for it very much. But why should she always give up every thing to Bessie? Had some rights, even if she was the elder? Bessie never thought of giving up to her. And then like a flash it all came to her mind; how could she have forgotten!

For when they were both sick with scarlet fever, and Cora Lane, Bessie's dearest friend, sent her a beautiful rose, she would not keep it by her bedside—only one little minute—but made mamma carry it to Mabel and insisted that she should keep it until it withered; and Bessie loved flowers so much, particularly red roses. She could never do anything for Bessie, she was sure, that would be so sweet and self-sacrificing as that, and she felt very sorry now that she had not let her have the hammock. What was a hammock on a lovely summer day, when there were so many nice things all about her, compared with a beautiful, fragrant rose when she lay burning with fever in a darkened room?

"Bessie," she called, as she saw her sister almost sick with grief, and the little white kitten still held fast in her arms. Bessie turned at the sound of her voice. How small she looked among the tall dahlias and hollyhocks, and how forlorn!
"Come here, please," called Mabel, in a winning voice.
 Bessie shook her head rather resentfully, but kitty was purring soothfully in her ear, and, after a moment's hesitation, she came slowly toward the big elm tree where Mabel sat in the hammock.

"Bessie," she said, rising from her seat, "you may have the hammock if you want it."
"I don't want it now," said Bessie, decidedly, in a tone which meant that she did want it very much, but she wished Mabel to understand that she was not to be made friends with so easily.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Bessie," nothing daunted by her sister's repellant air; "let's sit in the hammock together and make a little nest for kitty between us. I'm sorry I didn't think of it before." Fussy purred

with all her might, as though she understood and quite approved the plan, and Bessie's face brightened, but still she did not move.

"Come," said Mabel, who by this time had grown very enthusiastic in her generous attempt to make peace, "you get in first with kitty while I hold the hammock."

Bessie could not resist her any longer, and the smiles broke all over her face as she ran to Mabel's side and said:
"No, sister, you sit down first, then I can climb in, and you may hold my kitty if you want to."

Bessie's forgiveness was slow in coming, but when it came it was whole-hearted and complete. It was the kind of forgiveness that also forgives.
 So they sat side by side, and if you have ever sat with some one else in a hammock you know how very close together they were. There was not room between them for the little kitten, so she lay across both of their laps and they both stroked her soft, white fur, while they chatted merrily together; and kitty purred softly in a self-satisfied manner, quite as though she were the cause of this happy arrangement. And as the loving little voices floated in at mamma's window, a tender smile replaced the look of pain on her pale face, and soon she fell into a refreshing sleep, and when she awoke the headache was all gone.

Mabel did not know that, in her winning action toward her little sister, she had done any thing more than bring about a very happy state of feeling between themselves, and as the loving little voices still if she had known of the relief that came to her suffering mother as she heard her loving words. This was not all, either; she had done something greater still for she had won a victory over herself, and "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."—*Nellie Helm, in Interior.*

IN MISCHIEF.

Jonah and the Looking-Glass—How Ben and Roy were Helped to Remember.
 Bessie and Roy were left at home alone one afternoon when Aunt Julia went to the village to do some shopping.

She had bidden them be good boys, and keep out of mischief. They meant to do so, and to make it the more certain, each took his spelling-book to learn a line of words. But it was such a task! The sun shone so brightly and the birds sung so blithely that they just could not study.